

4 FEB 1973

**Not unto Judgment
or condemnation**

To the Editor:

The article on Cord Meyer ("From a one-world crusade to the 'department of dirty tricks,'" by Merle Miller, Jan. 7) was an exercise in cowardly journalism. I am baffled that space would be given to a piece that was essentially a vicious character assassination, employing the odious technique of anonymous quotes.

It is a measure of the courage and integrity of Mr. Miller's alleged informers, or perhaps of the authenticity of the quotations with which the author spices his personal attacks, that—with the exception of those few that were positive towards Cord Meyer—they were all anonymous.

No respectable paper would publish an anonymous letter, yet somehow it seems acceptable to publish a piece based heavily for its effects on gossip and melodramatic mush about a man who has served this country with exceptional dedication for several decades. Perhaps this is "new journalism" but to me it seems more like the old mudraking of the sort which simply degrades what The New York Times has traditionally represented.

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NOTES ON
CORD MEYER

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26 June 68

Letters

The measure of a man

To the Editor:

In your Jan. 7 issue, what Peter (Merle Miller) tells us about Paul (Cord Meyer) in "From a one-world crusade to the 'department of dirty tricks'" tells a great deal more about Peter than it does about Paul, at least in terms of personal motivation, idealism, etc. Mr. Miller recounts the life of Cord Meyer as that of a young hero who has jumped off his white charger and ended up grubbing among the muckrakers of the department of dirty tricks over at C.I.A.

It is too bad that Merle Miller doesn't like the C.I.A.: route ultimately chosen by Cord Meyer, the haloed knight he admired so in his youth. But I think it distasteful that Miller's personal disillusionment has led him to suddenly excoriate Meyer's character in the minds of millions of Times readers who never even heard of him before.

Miller misrepresents Meyer's record, which I have followed as a friend all the way from our school days in Concord, N. H. For the past 20 years in Washington he has continued without a break to work in full commitment to his ideals as a career officer of the C.I.A.

Miller petulantly disapproves of the C.I.A. and attacks it without reason. It is too bad Miller does not accept this expensive weapon in the security arsenal of his own country. It is a weapon which has had a great deal to do with protecting America in the long twilight struggle of the cold war.

Miller fails to include one salient truth in his crocodile-teary account of the alleged spiritual demise of Cord Meyer since his days as a one-worldist: Cord Meyer has never let down in his effort to serve mankind and his country. And Miller omits the rationale for Meyer's switch from a utopian cause to a

hard-boiled Government agency. The reason was that when the Iron Curtain clanged down between the Soviet Union and the Western countries, it severed the thin hope for world government in any conceivable future. Also, the Communists' declaration of intent to dominate the world at that time presented a clear threat to this country, as well as the rest of the world.

Meyer had left Yale University early in order to fight against the Axis scourge in 1942. Miller comfortably ignores the fact that Meyer entered the C.I.A. with the same purpose he had joined the Marines. The only difference was that instead of a "ground-pounder" he had become a soldier in the war of wits with the self-proclaimed enemies of freedom and independence.

In short, Cord Meyer has kept faith with his early aims as well as any man and a good measure more than most. I urge that this thought be added to Miller's otherwise misshapen picture of Meyer.

FITZHUGH GREEN.
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

The article on Cord Meyer seems to be a character assassination. It is not possible, in terms of the article, to suppose that Mr. Meyer made a considered decision to join the C.I.A. and engage in all the activities mentioned. Rather, we are invited to think that his was an emotional response to the Communists' invasion of the A.V.C. in the nineteen-forties, when he was a leading member of that organization. Miller cites little or no evidence about what motivated Meyer, yet he leaves hardly any room to doubt that the subject swung fanatically, emotionally from one extreme to the other.

Mr. Miller's article exemplifies the tendency in political conflict to use *reductio ad absurdum* in place of analysis. If Mr. Meyer had been presented as a man of integrity, it would have been necessary to enlighten the reader concerning the underlying motives of the Communists. It seems to me that we cannot

simply dismiss as absurd or fanatical or crazy the choices we deplore! To do so means all communication in the political body comes to a stop. It is no wonder that those in power close ranks and refuse to listen or be convinced when articles of this sort are published and perhaps taken seriously.

ANNE T. BARBEAU.
New York.

To the Editor:

It hardly suits the image of The Times Magazine to feature a soap opera under the guise of a personality profile.

Merle Miller's version of Cord Meyer was saccharine and maudlin and made me throw up!

In the soap-opera's early stages he wasn't writing about a flesh and blood youth who'd have the guts to fight his way out a paper bag, much less a real live shooting war! Miller was fantasizing about an ethereal poetic figure who never touched base with reality.

Miller's later description of the matured official of C.I.A. probably comes closer to the real Meyer. However, I suspect Meyer hasn't moved so dramatically afar of his liberal stance as has Miller to the hard left. The natural transition from soft to hard left is usually so rapid it causes former "stand-still" liberals to appear archly conservative.

Were Merle Miller less arrogant and more honest, he might be able to arrive at the same conclusion. Arrogance, however, is the mind-closing trademark of the leftist discipline. Peculiarly enough, it also is the trait which keeps a man of this faith tied to the pursuit of Communist tyranny.

M. LEE ROBINSON.
Falls Church, Va.

To the Editor:

I read the Cord Meyer article with a great deal of interest as I was active in both the American Veterans Committee and the United World Federalists during the years immediately following World War II. At the 1947 Milwaukee A.V.C. convention I fought alongside Cord Meyer for the abolition of the Security

Council veto.

While we have not experienced the personal tragedies that beset Cord Meyer's life, your readers should know that there are still many of us left who have not settled for something less. We are just as convinced today that enforceable world law with justice is the only rational alternative to war, and we are still fighting to develop the United Nations into a world federation.

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CIA's Cord Meyer Going to London

Manchester Guardian

The Central Intelligence Agency's new station chief in London is Cord Meyer, hitherto the agency's assistant deputy director of plans in Washington.

The planning department of the CIA is responsible for espionage and clandestine operations. Detractors of the CIA call it the "Department of Dirty Tricks."

Meyer was in line for promotion to be deputy director of plans—"DDP," the nearest CIA equivalent of James Bond's "M."

Instead, according to CIA watchers here, he is being promoted to the U.S. embassy in London. They regard this as a "kick upstairs."

In 1967, it was revealed that Meyer was in charge of covertly funding Encounter magazine and other organizations. Last summer, he became the object of further notoriety when he asked the New York publisher Harper and Row to show the CIA proofs of a book since published, called "The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia." The book linked the CIA with the drug traffic in that area.

Meyer later denied that it had been his intention to suppress the book.

Few details are known about the nature or extent of CIA operations in England. Sources here say that there is a large base for covert action in premises within a few minutes walk from the U.S. embassy in Grosvenor Square. This is the headquarters for covert action in western and eastern Europe and the Mediterranean. It was moved from Paris to London at the time of Gen. Charles De Gaulle's quarrel with NATO and the United States.

The CIA works closely with British intelligence and claims not to engage in clandestine activities in Britain.

Meyer's career is a fascinating story. He was one of the most brilliant men of his year at Yale University in the early 1940's. He lost an eye in a Marine landing in the Pacific war and wrote a short story about the experience called "Waves of Darkness." After the war, he became a passionate advocate of world government and wrote a book on this subject. He was a hero to the student generation of the late 1940's.

He joined the CIA in 1953 at the urging of Alan Dulles. At that time, the Agency was a respectable haven for liberal intellectuals. During the McCarthy era he was investigated for alleged Communist associations but was cleared. In fact, he had never been a Communist sympathizer. He soon became as ardent for the Cold War as he had been for the United World Federalist movement.

Meyer's assignment to London is seen by CIA watchers as a part of the purge which the agency is experiencing under its new director, James Schlesinger. Reports in Washington this week say that the CIA's 18,000 personnel is to be cut by 10 percent by June 30. Schlesinger, a businessman with no intelligence background, is said to be making a through-going reappraisal of the CIA's function's and op-

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One man's long journey — From a one-world crusade to the 'department of dirty tricks'

By Merle Miller

What if he should get out of his hole and explain the matter reasonably to both sides? "Fellow human beings," he would begin. "There are very few of us here who in private life would kill a man for any reason whatever. The fact that guns have been placed in our hands and some of us wear one uniform and some another is no excuse for the mass murder we are about to commit. There are differences between us, I know, but none of them worth the death of one man. Most of us are not here by our own choice. We were taken from our peaceful lives and told to fight for reasons we cannot understand. Surely we have far more in common than that which temporarily separates us. Fathers, go back to your children, who are in need of you. Husbands, go back to your young wives, who cry in the night and count the anxious days. Farmers, return to your fields, where the grain rots and the house slides into ruin. The only certain fruit of this insanity will be the rotting bodies upon which the sun will impartially shine tomorrow. Let us throw down these guns that we hate. With the morning we shall go together and in charity and hope build a new life and a new world.

—FROM "WAVES OF DARKNESS" BY CORD MEYER JR.

I first read "Waves of Darkness," the only published fiction by Cord Meyer Jr., in the fall of 1945, and I thought that it was one of the best—maybe the best—short pieces of writing that had thus far come out of the war. A few months later, on a gentle spring evening in 1946 (everything and everybody was gentler in those days), I heard Meyer speak. I took voluminous notes, so I know that he said, in part: "World government is possible. It is possible in our lifetime. We can and we will make it happen, and by so doing we shall achieve peace not only for our children but for our children's children, a peace that will survive to the end of time. . . . Those who wrap the skirts of nationalism around themselves are living in the dangerous past, and we cannot be satisfied with that because it has produced the present. . . ."

There was a standing ovation for Meyer at the end of his speech; I remember that, and later that night in my journal I put down some of what he had said and added: "... No one of my generation—at least no one I have heard or heard of—is as

passionate and persuasive a speaker as Cord Meyer. To listen to him you think that anything is possible, including world government. Not only that he writes beautifully, damn it. . . . If Cord goes into politics he'll probably not only be President of the United States; he may be the first president of the parliament of man. And if he becomes a writer, he's sure to win the Nobel Prize. At least."

The years passed; we heard that after retiring from the World Federalist crusade Cord had gone into the C.I.A., but in those days, the early nineteen-fifties, that was a respectable—even an admirable—thing for a liberal and humane man to do. It was necessary to keep the agency out of the hands of the reactionaries, and some years later didn't McGeorge Bundy, then himself still a knight in fairly shining armor, say that there were more

liberal intellectuals in the C.I.A. than any place else in Government? And hadn't he named Meyer as one of the best examples?

True, in 1967, when it was revealed that Meyer was in charge of covertly funding such organizations as the National Student Association and publications like *Encounter*, some people, myself included, were upset at the deception and hypocrisy involved, but at least the money had gone to organizations more or less on the non-Communist left, and the main criticism, in the beginning anyway, had come from the most reactionary members of Congress, not the liberals.

But then last summer—it was a season of heart-break—Meyer went into the offices of Harper & Row to ask, among others, his old ally of the world government movement, Cass Canfield, to let the C.I.A. see the galleys of a book called "The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia." The book claimed that the C.I.A. had more than a little to do with the traffic in narcotics in Southeast Asia. Publishing it might, Meyer said, be against the best interests of this country; what's more, the book was very likely full of inaccuracies and was possibly libelous as well.

After a monumentally uninspired exchange of letters between Harper & Row and various faceless individuals in the C.I.A.—Meyer surfaced only once later, to say that he had never intended "suppressing" the book—the publisher agreed that the agency could take a look at the galleys, but did not, to be sure, promise to make any changes.

The galleys were supinely dispatched to Washington, where some presumably literate person or persons, no doubt including Meyer, read them, and a week or so later the request for changes arrived back in the offices of

Merle Miller's most recent novel is "What Happened." He is currently working on a nonfiction book about Marshalltown, Iowa.

Harper & Row. The writer's editor, Elisabeth Jakob, said that they were "laughably pathetic," and having read them in The New York Review of Books, I am inclined to think that she was being kind. The suggestions, and they were meager indeed, had to do with the public image of the C.I.A. rather than anything remotely consequential. Harper & Row at last decided that "the best service we can render the author, the C.I.A. and the general public is to publish the book as expeditiously as possible."

How intrepid.

Anyway, the book was published intact in mid-September; it got long and generally laudatory reviews, and it has since sold reasonably well, although it has yet to show up on anybody's best-seller list. Nor has it caused any great cry for investigation or legislation. The re-

public appears to remain more or less intact, and so does the C.I.A., and despite the fact that President Nixon repeatedly declared war against it during the fall campaign, the drug traffic appears to be flourishing in Southeast Asia and everywhere else in the world.

Still, as the writer, a 27-year-old Yale graduate student named Alfred W. McCoy, later said: "...submitting the raw manuscript to the C.I.A. for prior review is to take the first step toward abandoning the First Amendment protection against prior censorship."

Of course it is. But publishing houses have not generally been noted for their courage, although James H. Silberman, editor in chief of Random House, has twice turned down similar requests from the C.I.A., on the sensible ground that he had no right to do anything else, that a book belongs to the writer, not the publisher.

The whole thing, was, to put it gently, sleazy, but it was not surprising. Of course the C.I.A. would try to—well, not censor books. After all, there are a lot of present and former members of the American Civil Liberties Union in that mausoleum in McLean, Va. No, not censor, just make publishers a little more timid the next time a book on the agency comes along. If it does come along. The agency some time earlier got an injunction against the publication of an unwritten book that was to have been by Victor L. Marchetti, a former agent who had signed some sort of agreement promising not to kiss and tell. As if some of the liveliest and most important

books in all of literature weren't by gossiping folks who did just that.

You know the only astounding thing about the whole affair? That Cord Meyer Jr. was the man to make the request. Not to be believed. I couldn't help wondering what would have happened if I had suggested such an unlikely scene to Cord at the time I knew him, more than 20 years ago. I think I know. I think he would have dismissed it as preposterous.

It happened, though, and I wondered why. Such things can never really be explained. They can only be guessed at, wondered about, investigated, analyzed. When early in November I went to Washington to talk to some people who were Meyer's friends in the old days and some who are his friends now (in general, the two are not the same) one man who had not seen him for 15 years said, "The man who wrote 'Waves of Darkness' must have died a little the day he walked into Harper & Row, assuming there is any of that man still left in Cord."

Meyer wrote of the death of the youngest marine in a machine-gun platoon: "An unreasoning indignation shook him against all who had placed Everett where he lay. For the frightened enemy that shot Everett and was probably already dead he had only pity. 'But I wish,' he thought, 'that all those in power, countrymen and enemy alike, who decided for war, all those who profit by it, lay dead with their wealth and their honors and that Everett stood upright again with his life before him.'"

CORD and his twin brother, Quentin, were born on Nov. 20, 1920, in Washington, D.C. Their father, a well-to-do real-estate developer with an impressive sense of noblesse oblige, was in the diplomatic corps, and in the first four years of the twins' lives, Cord Sr. was stationed in Cuba, Italy and Sweden.

When a second set of twins was born, Thomas D. and William B., the parents decided that the family was too large

for moving around. Cord Sr. retired from the corps, and they settled in New York, first in a brownstone on the East Side of Manhattan, then at various watering spots on Long Island. Later, they moved to Little Boars Head, N.H., where Cord's mother, the former Katharine Blair Thaw, still spends her summers. She spends her winters in Naples, Fla. She is 79 and a gracious and still socially active woman. The Thaws were just as well-off and just as social, both in New York and in Washington, as the Meyers. Altogether, Cord's antecedents could not have been more WASP-ish, more proper, more secure.

A woman who once saw the family quite often told me, "It was a happy household, assuming anybody from the outside can ever tell a thing like that. They were civilized people, witty; everybody laughed a lot, and there was certainly never any worry about money, not even in the depths of the Depression." Cord Jr.'s great-grandfather had made a considerable fortune as cofounder of a huge sugar refinery; his grandfather had been state chairman of the Democratic party and had added to the family fortune by developing huge tracts of land on Long Island, a project in which Cord Sr. and his brothers joined. "Cord's childhood was very well-ordered, and all four boys, Cord perhaps more than the others, grew up with the kind of manners that people who are not of that class find arrogant. Quentin was gentler than Cord. They were not identical twins, but I think that they were as close as two brothers could possibly be."

Quentin and Cord went to St. Paul's, and they both played hockey and played it well, although Quentin was the better athlete. Cord was the brain, the intellectual, and at Yale (naturally it was Yale) he edited the literary magazine, was Scroll and Key and Phi Beta Kappa; he was graduated *summa cum laude*.

Because of the wartime academic speed-up, the Yale class of 1943 was graduated in December, 1942, and Cord, who had finished the academic requirements a semester before that so that he could enlist in the Marine Corps, returned to New Haven from officers' candidate school in Quantico, Va., for the commencement.

President Charles Seymour, his voice shaking with emotion, announced that in addition to all his other honors Cord had won the Alpheus Henry Snow award as "the senior adjudged by the faculty to have done most for Yale by inspiring his classmates." Meyer, very tall and fair and handsome in his dress blues, received what no doubt was his first standing ovation; it seemed that the applause would never die down, that the cheering would never stop. And there was not a dry eye in the house. People tend to get very emotional during a war, particularly at the beginning. Very emotional things are said, too. President Seymour told the graduates that they must "...save our nation, indeed the whole world." A man who was there that day said recently, "We all knew whom Seymour had in mind to lead that battle; the rest of us would willingly, you might say worshipfully, be Cord's lieutenants in the fight."

In the next two and a half years Cord Meyer Jr. became a first lieutenant, made a combat landing on an obscure Pacific atoll called Eniwetok, and in late July, 1944, he and his machine-gun platoon landed on Guam. That night, a Japanese grenade rolled into his foxhole and exploded. He was severely burned and, among other wounds, he lost an eye.

Describing the harrowing night that followed, he wrote in "Waves of Darkness": "There was no hatred in his heart against anyone, but rather pity.... It would have been better for man, he felt, if he had been given no trace of gentleness, no desire for goodness, no capacity for pity. Those qualities were all he valued but he could see they

were the pleasant illusions of children. With them men hoped, struggled pitifully, and were totally defeated by an alien universe in which they wandered as unwanted strangers. Without them, an animal, man might happily eat, reproduce, and die, one with what is."

From July, 1944, until January, 1945, Meyer was in various naval hospitals in the Pacific and in the States; then he was discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, with a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. As for his future, he had written his parents some months before: "I really think, if possible, I should like to make a life's work of doing what little I can in the problems of international cooperation. No matter how small a contribution I should happen to make, it would be in the right direction. We cannot continue to make a shambles of this world, and already a blind man can see the short-sighted decisions that point inevitably to that ultimate Armageddon."

In April of that year, Cord married Mary Eno Pinchot, whom he had first met before the war while he was still a student at Yale and she was at Vassar. In her way, Mary Eno Pinchot was really quite as golden as he. She had been one of the prettiest, most popular and most brilliant members of the class of '42. She was the niece of Gifford Pinchot, the former Governor of Pennsylvania and one of the founders of the conservation movement, an ecologist before most people had ever heard the word. Her father, Amos Pinchot, had been one of the founders of Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose Progressive party. Mary herself was a painter and a good one. She had been a reporter for the United Press and was a contributor to various magazines. She, like Cord, was a committed liberal, a crusader for newer, braver worlds.

The wedding was one of the social events of the season, and it was not surprising that such a prestigious ceremony should be presided over by the Rev. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, the most prestigious Protestant clergyman in America. Also not sur-

prisingly, after a brief stay in New Haven, where Meyer studied law, he went off to San Francisco, where he was one of the two veterans who served as aides to Comdr. Harold Stassen, a United States delegate at the drafting of the United Nations Charter.

About that time, Cord found out that Quentin had been killed during the awful battle for Okinawa. A friend said, "Cord has always been very contained, but you could see that he suffered greatly from Quentin's death. They were, after all, twins, and loving twins.... It was as if Cord felt that part of himself had gone.... And he was more than ever determined to spend the rest of his life as a crusader for peace. As he wrote in that letter to his parents, 'If there be a God may He give us all the strength and the vision that we so badly need.'"

In San Francisco, Meyer met, among others, Charles G. Bolte, a young Dartmouth graduate who had fought with the British Army and lost a leg at Alamein. Bolte was chairman and one of the founders of an evangelical new organization, the American Veterans Committee, which was once and for all going to put an end to such power-grabbing, self-seeking organizations as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

To be sure, Bolte and Meyer left San Francisco disillusioned. What they had seen was not the making of a forceful new organization that could keep the peace; the U.N. was, they felt, no better than the League of Nations had been, perhaps not even as good. When Meyer heard the heads of the various delegations mumbling their nationalistic platitudes, he compared them to "a group of priests going mechanically through the ritual of a religion in which no one any longer believes."

The only answer — how could people have been so blind? — was a world government, a supranational organization with the power to enforce the peace. Meyer wrote later in his book "Peace or Annihilation" that San Francisco with the conviction that World War III was inevitable

if the U.N. was not substantially strengthened in the near future.

"Then the annihilation of Hiroshima suddenly proclaimed that peace was no longer merely desirable but absolutely necessary to the survival of a large proportion of the human race.... This book... is based on the conviction that we, the survivors of two world wars, stumble toward a more massive disaster not through any general failure of moral intention but driven by the nature of the archaic institutions that we have the capacity to change."

Neither Bolte nor Meyer was much surprised by what had happened at San Francisco. What did one expect of old men? Not a single delegate had been under 30. In those days, those of us who were under 30 — the ones who counted, anyway, the shakers and movers, anyway — were allegorically all Seabees, whose slogan in the Pacific had been, "The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer." And at the time that slogan applied not only to the building of air strips; it was, to us, true for the whole of the world.

Although Meyer and I had both been on Eniwetok at the same time in the spring of 1944, we had not met, what with one thing and another. Our first encounter was hardly historic, but what then was not historic? It was at a meeting of the National Planning Committee of A.V.C., shortly after the first time I heard him speak on that night in 1946.

The N.P.C. was an impressive group; at least we impressed each other, and we were forever being interviewed and photographed, and we were always identified as "the leaders of tomorrow"; I for one never doubted it.

We included Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., Oren Root Jr., who almost alone had been responsible for Wendell Willkie's nomination for the Presidency at the Republican National Convention in 1940; Gil

Harrison, who was to become editor-in-chief of The New Republic; Michael Straight, who was then editor of The New Republic and is now assistant to Nancy Hanks on the National Endowment for the Arts; G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams, who was to become Governor of Michigan and during Jack Kennedy's thousand days an Assistant Secretary of State; Robert Nathan, the economist who was an adviser to Franklin D. Roosevelt Sr. and other Presidents, and more recently to George McGovern; and Cord Meyer Jr.

John F. Kennedy had been asked to join us, but he declined; later he said that people like us and like those in Americans for Democratic Action made him uncomfortable. There was some talk of asking Ronald Reagan, but that suggestion was turned down on the grounds, as I recall, that Reagan's tenure as president of the Screen Actors' Guild indicated that he was not only unstable but possibly too radical as well.

But Meyer, it was generally agreed, was the most outstanding, the most promising. He was certainly the most obsessed with the urgency of our obligation to remake the world in our own image. It had taken God six days and six nights to finish the job in the first place. But did we have that long?

Meyer, who was indefatigable (did he ever sleep?), was impatient with those who thought that creating a world government might take as long as a year, say. He had arrived at an intellectual position. World government was necessary; it was logical, and anybody who couldn't see that was either stupid or venal or both. He did not suffer fools gladly; he didn't suffer them at all.

REMEMBERING those days and nights — N.P.C. meetings always lasted into the early morning—one participant said recently, "There was always a streak of fanaticism in Cord, surprising in a sense because people in that class are seldom fanatic. Though perhaps that is too strong a

word. You can with safety say that Cord was always dogmatic."

But he was right, too, and almost everybody in the American Veterans Committee agreed with him—agreed with him, that is, until the early autumn of 1946, when our membership started growing with amazing rapidity. We were delighted. Despite the hostility—or was it only indifference?—of the press and the media generally, we were, or we thought we were, finally catching on. New members were joining up at the rate of hundreds a month, especially in the large cities and particularly in New York. I remember someone, possibly me, saying, "It just goes to show you how truth and justice prevail if you work hard enough."

Then, I forget how, but it was probably by reading The Daily Worker, we discovered that the American Communists had finally abandoned their plans to infiltrate the American Legion and had decided that it would be easier simply to take over the A.V.C.

After that, every meeting was a battleground; the climax came at the second national convention, in Milwaukee in 1947. Debate was angry on all the resolutions, but the Communists' main energy seemed focused, understandably, on foreign policy, and Meyer was head of that committee. What turned out to be a majority of us were for the abolition of the veto in the U.N. Security Council. The Soviet Union opposed abolition, of course, and so, to be sure, did the American Communists. The committee meeting on foreign policy, one of the longest and angriest I ever attended, didn't end until after 7 A.M.

Meyer was a brilliant but acerbic chairman, a master of "Robert's Rules," and the plank of the platform for which he was largely responsible was eventually approved, but the victory seemed to give him no satisfaction. He continued to brood over the fact that during the battle he had been called a great many unpleasant names by the Communists. One day, when I was picked up, I believe, from Izvestia, describing him as "the fig leaf of American im-

perialism." Some said that maybe he had never been called a name before; I don't know.

In any event, after the triumph in Milwaukee, almost everybody's interest in A.V.C. seemed to dwindle, as if meetings weren't as much fun once the Communists had been defeated. In addition, veterans by now had jobs and added family responsibilities to worry about. The membership stopped growing, then started to drop off.

But Meyer did not abandon his crusade for world government. His book, "Peace or Anarchy," most of which he wrote while a Lowell Fellow at Harvard, was published in October, 1947, and Meyer became president of several smaller world-government groups that were brought together as United World Federalists. That year, too, the Junior Chamber of Commerce chose him as one of the 10 outstanding young men in the United States; most of the other names mean little now, with the possible exception of "Richard M. Nixon, 34, of Whittier, Calif., Congressman." Meyer was chosen as the outstanding young man of 1947 by the Young Men's Board of Trade of New York City.

From 1947 to 1949, he traveled more than 40,000 miles, giving an average of seven speeches a week, and the paid-up membership of United World Federalists grew from 20,000 members to 47,000. At times, as many as 151 Congressmen were said to be committed to the cause and preparing bills on the subject; I believe one or two actually were introduced. Although the word was not yet in much use in the late nineteen-forties, Cord Meyer Jr. was certainly the guru of the youthful left.

He was something of a romantic figure, too. On campuses all across the country

girls in dormitories and sororities pinned his picture above their beds. His lectures were enthusiastically attended, and the standing ovations continued. The ovations were not due to Meyer's eloquence; as a matter of fact, he talked too fast, sometimes running the words together so that they

were indistinguishable. His voice was monotonous, and the only gesture he ever seemed to allow himself was the chopping right arm that emphasized a point, the same gesture John F. Kennedy made even more familiar a few years later.

But in Meyer's case eloquence wasn't necessary; he so clearly believed every word he said that the effect was messianic. "There is no safe and simple way of stepping out of the suspicious world of the present into the hopeful future. . . . We must take chances, and we must do it now. No one dare concede defeat until the first bombs fall, but everyone must realize the inestimable value of the time that remains. What is possible today may be impossible tomorrow. . . ."

Meyer often said that if world government had not been achieved by 1951 he was going to take Mary and their two sons, Quentin and Michael, to Africa to live among the Pygmies. It was difficult to tell whether or not Cord was joking, and those who know him now say that it still is: "He looks at you with that glass eye and never cracks a smile, and you never can be sure if he's serious."

Charles Bartlett, the Washington columnist who was a classmate of Meyer's at Yale and is still a close friend and fellow tennis player, says, "Cord is really a very funny man. He has great humor, but it is not slapstick humor. It is very sophisticated; he draws on soft irony, you might say."

In any case, world government was not achieved by 1951; one former associate said, "The cause was a stalled bus then, and it has remained stalled, despite the fact that Norman Cousins, when he is not otherwise occupied, does from time to time issue a manifesto on the subject." So in 1951, after another two years at Harvard, where Meyer earned a degree in political economy, he went to Washington, and, largely at the urging of Allen W. Dulles, who became the director in 1953, joined the Central Intelligence Agency. He became an

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assistant to Thomas Braden, an old friend of the A.V.C. days, in that department in charge of the secret funding of non-Communist left publications and organizations around the world.

What turned out to be the Watergate scandal of 1967 seemed in 1951 to be a progressive and imaginative thing to do. How else, for instance, was Radio Free Europe to survive? The R.F.E. advertising campaign — it still goes on—didn't raise enough money to pay for the ads themselves. And as for the National Student Association, the student leaders themselves, after being roundly defeated by Communist forces at one international youth rally after another, went to various Government organizations to get up money to send more and more eloquent spokesmen to such gatherings. It is said that only the C.I.A. came up with the money.

IT is difficult and maybe impossible to recreate the atmosphere of a period, but in 1950 even a man like William Sloane Coffin Jr., who was to become Chaplain of Yale and a co-defendant with Dr. Benjamin Spock in what was to be called the draft conspiracy trial, joined the agency. He later told Jessica Mitford, "Stalin made Hitler look like a Boy Scout. I was very strongly anti-Soviet. . . . When I graduated from Yale in 1949, I was thinking of going into the C.I.A., but I went into the seminary instead. After a year at the Union Theological Seminary, when war with the Soviet Union seemed to be threatening, I quit to go into the C.I.A., hoping to be useful in the war effort."

With all those liberals streaming in—many of them surely pro-Communist if not actually members of the party, and a suspicious number of them limp-wristed, if not provable homosexuals—it is little wonder that Senator Joseph McCarthy, having finished his demoralization of the State Department, claimed to have evidence of "... Communist infiltration and corruption and [emphasis mine]

"dishonesty" in the agency. He threatened a public investigation but, apparently persuaded by Vice President Nixon, he agreed to call it off "in the interests of national security."

At the same time, however, he insisted on an internal purge, and Cord Meyer Jr. was one of the first victims. Apart from the fact that he had been an "admitted World Federalist," the charges against him were, as was the custom of the day, vague and unsubstantiated. The F.B.I. eagerly produced a derogatory dossier on Meyer charging, among other things, that he had "knowingly associated with Communists."

That was true enough. At one time during his tenure on the National Planning Committee of the A.V.C. seven of the 20 members were either Communists or close sympathizers, and Meyer sat around the table with them at various meetings in New York, Chicago, Washington and other cities. Meyer fought the Communists on almost every issue, and usually won.

No matter. In the early nineteen-fifties such subtleties were of no importance, and shortly after the Meyer dossier was received, he was suspended from the agency without pay. For the next three and a half months, he and his lawyer prepared a brief of several hundred pages, answering every charge, even the most ridiculous. During that time he read Kafka's "The Trial," and he has been heard to say that only during such a crisis can a man read the novel and properly understand it. In any case, on Thanksgiving Day, 1953, Allen Dulles called Meyer to say that his brief had been judged satisfactory, that the charges against him had been dropped, and that he could return to work the following Monday.

It wasn't really over, though; it is never really over. No one who underwent such an investigation, public or private, will ever be quite the same again. It still hurts on a rainy day, and sometimes when the sun is at its highest and brightest. The internal completely disappear.

Those who knew Meyer best during those terrifying three and a half months say that the experience left him bitter and that he withdrew even further inside himself. He is also said to have moved further to the right politically, as many of McCarthy's victims did, to protect themselves from another such burning.

And then in 1959 one of Meyer's sons, aged 9, ran into the street in front of the Georgetown house, was run over by a car and killed instantly. "That was a great tragedy to both Cord and Mary. Such a thing can either make or break a marriage. In their case it broke it."

They were divorced some months later, and on a clear, cool morning in October, 1964, while she was walking on the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal towpath near her home in Georgetown, Mary Pinchot Meyer was shot and killed. The towpath, which ran parallel to the Potomac, was one on which Mary and her friend Jacqueline Kennedy had often walked together in those simpler, happier days when Mrs. Kennedy was First Lady. The man accused of Mrs. Meyer's murder was eventually acquitted, and some blame the acquittal on the liberalized rulings on criminal justice issued by the Warren Court. That, too, people say, has caused Meyer to move farther to the right politically and further embittered him.

A WASHINGTON newspaperman who has known Meyer socially for some time, though not well, says, "Cord is a guy who, whatever the reason, is very twisted up inside himself. He is terribly on nerve ends—at all times, it seems. . . . Tragedy seems always to have hovered around his head. That may in part, possibly in large part, be the reason for his cynicism, his skepticism. He is a very truculent man, especially when he's been drinking, and I cannot imagine having a relaxed, moderate discussion with him about anything at all."

On the other hand, Charles Bartlett, who knows Meyer perhaps better than any other

man, says, "Cord is a very frank guy. When he doesn't agree with somebody he says so. There is nothing namby-pamby about him, and he takes his work with the C.I.A. as a full commitment. But I definitely do not think of him as a tragic person, and he doesn't think of himself in that way. . . . True, he won't talk about his work with outsiders, but with other people in the agency, and people in the agency tend to associate with each other, he is absolutely charming. He plays a wicked game of tennis, is a marvelous shot, despite the eye; he's a movie and a modern-art buff, and he reads everything."

There is, however, no doubt that Meyer is not an easy man. In his book about Washington, "The Center," Stewart Alsop, whose view of the C.I.A. could certainly be called respectful if not, at times, downright worshipful, wrote of Meyer that he is "... a bright but rebarbative man, with a certain genius for making enemies."

A woman who was Meyer's occasional companion after his divorce and before his second marriage remembers that she gave a dinner party at which he was a guest. "He was not at all the calm and collected sort of person that I thought an official of the C.I.A. would be. He got so furious at something that happened—I don't remember what—that he got up and left the dinner. . . . I thought he would have made a marvelous minister; he seemed to have such an evangelical feeling about things."

In 1967, when it was revealed that Meyer was the man in charge of the covert funding, Ramparts magazine, which first printed the story, rejected the arguments of leaders of the N.S.A. that any revelations would hurt the "enlightened, liberal internationalist wing of the C.I.A." Ramparts declared that such an argument was only another indication of "how deeply the corruption of means for ends has become engrained in our society and how much dishonesty is tolerated in the

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name of the cold war."

After that, it was fashionable, and almost mandatory in certain circles of the left, to condemn the C.I.A. Even those in literary circles who had once felt neglected and naked if they weren't asked to fly off, first class, to some distant, perhaps romantic, spot to pick up a little information for the agency and get a nice sun tan now claimed that they had been hoodwinked. Although they had all been over 21, usually a lot over 21, they knew not what they did. Anyway, they were sorry and would make fools and villains of those who had recruited them in the first place.

A Washington newspaperman who covered that event and what followed says, "One sure result of the whole thing was that now in addition to godless Communism it takes very little to get Cord started on the subject of the press and the media generally, and although he is perhaps more articulate than Ted Agnew, he sounds very much like him, although perhaps Cord is harsher."

Many people feel that Meyer's second marriage, to the former Starkey Anderson, has been a mellowing influence. She was once an assistant to Roger L. Stevens, chairman of the John F. Kennedy Center for Performing Arts, and now is in the White House as Leonard Garment's assistant for cultural affairs. She is described as a calm, quiet woman, and the Georgetown house on 34th Street has many windows, many modern paintings, a good deal of sculpture. Cord and his wife entertain often — not lavishly, but they are good hosts. The talk is civilized, and those who go there frequently have learned that if they do not agree with Meyer's politics, particularly in international relations, where he is a devoted cold warrior, it is best to avoid the subject. "I am sure Cord is convinced that he is acting in the best interests of peace and of the United States, but these days to him anything left of the right is the left," he threw himself into the C.I.A. like a Jew who has become the Chief Inquisitor."

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Meyer is now Assistant Deputy Director of Plans in the agency; his boss, "the D.D.P.," is a man they call "The Greek" or, sometimes, "that Greek." His name is Thomas H. Karamessiness, and the job is a very important one in the intelligence community. Karamessiness and Meyer are in charge of espionage and clandestine operations. Stewart Alsop says, "The D.D.P. is Washington's closest equivalent to James Bond's boss, 'M.' . . . Karamessiness' share of the C.I.A.—the lion's share in both people and money—is called by detractors of the agency 'the department of dirty tricks.'" It can safely be said, I think, that it is no place for the squeamish, the gentle, or the idealistic.

It was thought that Meyer would succeed Karamessiness when he retires; now many observers are less certain. They feel that Meyer was, to be kind, naive in his handling of the secret funding. True, he was promoted after that, but, as Alsop rightly says, such promotions are "a bureaucratic tendency." And last summer there was the Harper & Row incident, which resulted in more unfavorable headlines and editorials. A retired "spook" I talked with says, "You can be forgiven one public goof, but two—I don't think so. Besides Cord is, . . . Then, too, Meyer is 52 years old, and retirement in the agency is mandatory at 60."

Even if he were promoted, he would serve only briefly.

And there is not, it is said, much joy in McLean any more. The last liberals have gone; the intellectuals have moved on, moved out anyway, and those few old hands who remain, Cord being one of the oldest, in tenure if not age, complain that the excitement has gone, too. "Nowadays, the real difficulty over there is staying awake during coffee breaks. And, if you care about that sort of thing, and we all want to be loved, being in the agency is a little less popular in the community at large than being in the Army. . . ."

On my last day in Washington, I had lunch with Cord at a pleasant French restaurant in Georgetown. I would certainly have recognized him at once, anywhere, any time. He had gone gray, but he seemed not to have gained a pound, and he had certainly not lost any of his intensity.

He had lost something, though; maybe it was that he seemed, to me anyway, to have pulled the shades down over his face. He looked like somebody who had gone away somewhere without leaving a forwarding address.

We talked about gray hair, as one-time friends meeting for the first time in more than 20 years inevitably do. But Cord would not discuss anything that had happened to him since he joined the agency, and that somewhat inhibited our conversation. We talked about the old days, which, to be sure, were the best days, and he glanced rather too often at his watch.

When we left (and the mussels in garlic sauce were superb), Cord, with a touch of shy embarrassment, gave me a copy of a softcover book called "Great Stories," published three years ago and including such classics as Conrad's "The Secret Sharer," Willa Cather's "Paul's Case" and Eudora Welty's "A Worn Path."

The first story in the volume was "Waves of Darkness." I asked why it was first, and Cord said, "Maybe it's alphabetical by authors. It wasn't, of course; if it had been, Conrad Aiken's "Silent Snow, Se-

cret Snow" would have come first.

I thanked Cord for the book, and we said good-by, no doubt for the last time, and on the way back to the National Press Building I re-read the story. It was just as poetic, just as moving as it had been when I first read it—is it possible?—27 years before. No, it was more moving now; I hadn't cried when I first came across it in The Atlantic. This time I did.

At the end, the wounded lieutenant, the boy-man who was Meyer himself, realizes that he is not, as he had thought, blind, that although one eye is gone, he still retains sight in the other. He can see a single star in the night sky.

" . . . Fearing that he might have created it out of the intensity of his wish, he let the lid close and then forced it open again. The star still lay in the now soft and friendly dark. It flooded his being like the summer sun. He saw it as the window to Hope. Another appeared, and another, until the whole tropic sky seemed ablaze with an unbearable glory. Joyful tears rose in his heart. Gently, he permitted the torn lid to shut. Warm on his cheek and salty in his mouth were the tears of his salvation."

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(Continued from Page 63)

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Another Washingtonian says, "Cord is just as vehement, just as didactic now as he was in the world-government days, but now, as far as I'm concerned at least, he's didactic about the wrong things. He seems to have decided that the world has to be accepted as it is and, being the Dostoevskian figure he is, that, too, has become a crusade. He seems impatient with, indeed suspicious of, anybody who wants to change anything much, including all those cruddy little totalitarian governments the agency supports all over the world just because they're anti-Communist. . . . The last time I saw him I wasn't sure whether I'd grown or he'd diminished. I'm still not sure, but it's a pity. . . ."

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SECRET (When Filled In)

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AREA OR COUNTRY(S)	ORGANIZATION	FUNCTIONS & TOPICS	PERSONAL FILE	DOCUMENT
HQ	DDP	Personnel (Key)	MEYER, Cord	DATE: 9 Jan 1973
	IO	Biography		
		Assignment		
				CLASS.: S
IDENTIFICATION OF DOCUMENT (author, form, addressee, title & length)				NO.:
File of biographic data on Cord Meyer.				LOCATION: HS/HC-864 ✓

ABSTRACT

Biographic and assignment data concerning Cord MEYER.

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